

THE COMIC MAGAZINE THAT DARED TO BE DIFFERENT!

PDC

DAREDEVIL

NO. 32



The Greatest Name in Comics

10¢

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER - CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

EXTRA
EXTRA
EXTRA

EXTRA
EXTRA

Evening Times
SEPTEMBER 1, 1945

DAREDEVIL AND WISE GUYS SMASH BLACKMARKETEERS

CRIMEBUSTERS
HAVE BUSY DAY
by Charles Biro



LEV GLEASON
PUBLICATIONS

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UNCLE SAM NEEDS

YOUR TIN CAN HELP WIN THE WAR!

IF YOU LIVE IN A SMALLER TOWN OR RURAL REGION YOU CAN BRING YOUR TIN CANS TO A CENTRAL DEPOT. IN LARGER COMMUNITIES, WHERE THE CANS ARE COLLECTED BY CITY REFUSE AGENCIES, YOU CAN HELP IN THE FOLLOWING WAY:

- ① DISTRIBUTE CIRCULARS ON THE NEED FOR TIN CAN COLLECTIONS AND ON THE PROPER PREPARATION OF CANS.
- ② RING DOORBELLS BEFORE COLLECTION DAYS REMINDING RESIDENTS TO HAVE CANS READY.
- ③ CHECK RESIDENTS ON COLLECTION DAYS TO MAKE SURE THAT CANS ARE PREPARED AND SET OUT.

YOUR TIN CANS CAN MAKE...

LBS.
1 MEDIUM TANK.....35.00
1 17-INCH STERILIZING UNIT FOR MEDICAL CORPS..... .25
1 COMPLETE MOBILE X-RAY MACHINE 1.00
1 37-MM. GUN FOR AIR CORPS..... 1.50
1 3-INCH ANTI-TANK GUN.... 7.81
1 ENGINEER CORPS 4-TON TRUCK..... 10.01
1 LIGHT TANK..... 20.22
1 HEAVY BOMBER, LONG RANGE..... 57.29

3 OF A KIND!

the GREATEST
HAND IN
COMICS!

by THE GREATEST TEAM
IN COMICS

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER
CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD,
EDITORS



DAREDEVIL

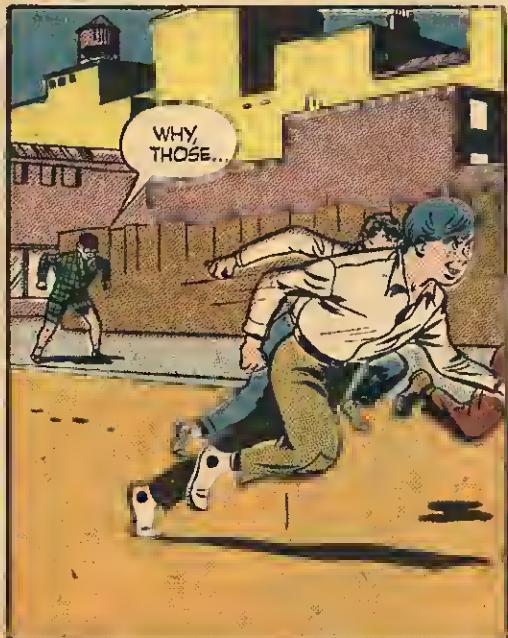
by CHARLES E. BIRD

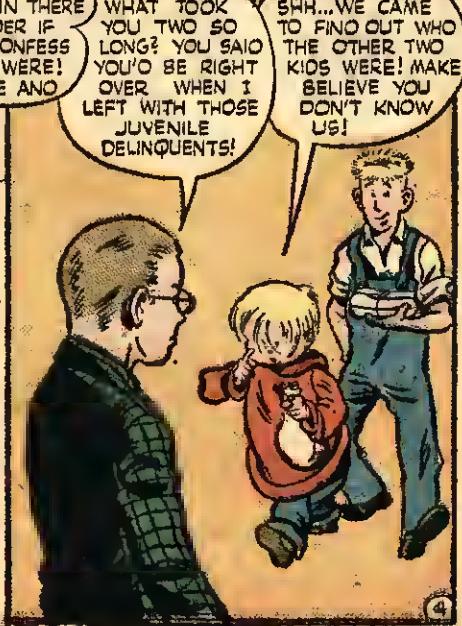


2-4-6-8

WHO DO WE
APPRECIATE—UNCLE
SAM—AND THE WAY
TO PROVE IT IS
ILLUSTRATED BY
DAREDEVIL AND THE
LITTLE WISE GUYS IN
THIS HAIRRAISER—
TAKE IT AWAY.....







BAH! IT'S NO USE! WE CAME
TO SEE TALK EAST SIDE CLAMS - AN' GROUSE!
AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?

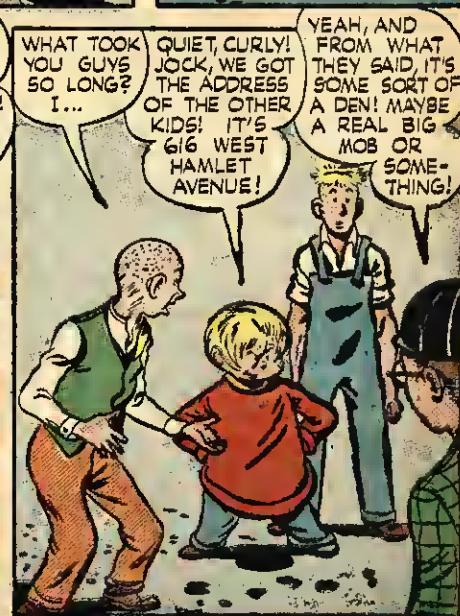
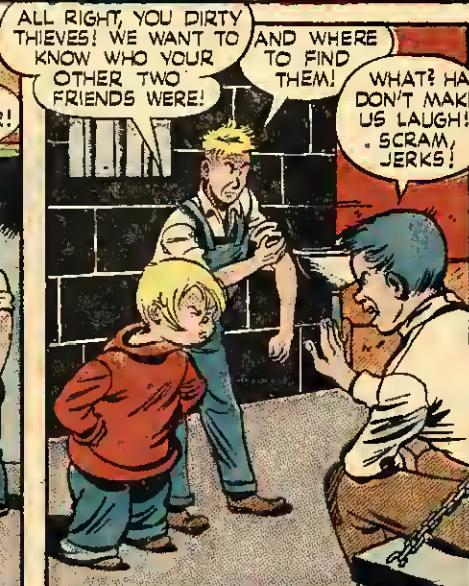
THEY'RE OUR FRIENDS!

WHAT!! SAY,
ARE YOU THE
TWO THAT WERE
WITH THEM
TODAY?

OH, NO, SIR! WE JUST HEARD
WHAT HAPPENED AND
BROUGHT THEM
SOME CANDY!

WE'LL JUST
STAY A MINUTE!
IT'S LEGAL,
AIN'T IT?

I GUESS THEY WOULDN'T HAVE
COME HERE IF THEY WERE THE
OTHER TWO! ALRIGHT, LET 'EM
IN FOR FIVE MINUTES, RILEY!
GAD, THESE KIDS ARE
TROUBLESONE!



PEE WEE, YOU'D BETTER GET DAREDEVIL! THAT TALK SEEMED TOO TOUGH AND CONFIDENT! THERE'S MORE BEHIND THIS!

OKEY DOKEY, JOCK!

GOSH! WHAT AN UGLY NEIGHBOR-HOOO!

IT'S PRETTY RUN DOWN ALL RIGHT! LET'S SEE—HAMLET AVENUE SHOULD BE THE NEXT ONE UP ACCORDING TO THE STOREKEEPER WE ASKED!

HERE IT IS, 616!

GOSH! WHAT A FIRE TRAP!

QUIET! THERE MAY BE SOMEONE IN THERE!

I CAN HARDLY SEE THROUGH THESE DIRTY WINDOWS!

FELLOWS! COME HERE!

SUFFERING CATS! THE PLACE IS LOADED WITH LOOT!

A HIDEOUT, I BETCHA! QUIET, NOW! THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE INSIDE! WE'LL SLIP IN THRU WINDOW AND WAIT!

WHY IT'S FULL OF TIRES AND GAS AND STUFF!

HEY, LOOK, FELLERS, I THINK WE'VE STUMBLLED INTO SOMETHING REAL BIG!



HOW LONG DO YOU THINK WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT, JOCK? I'M PRETTY SURE THEY'LL BE HERE PRETTY SOON; BLACK-MARKET GOODS LIKE THIS ARE USUALLY GOTTEN RID OF AS FAST AS POSSIBLE!

MAYBE THEY WON'T BE BACK FOR DAYS!

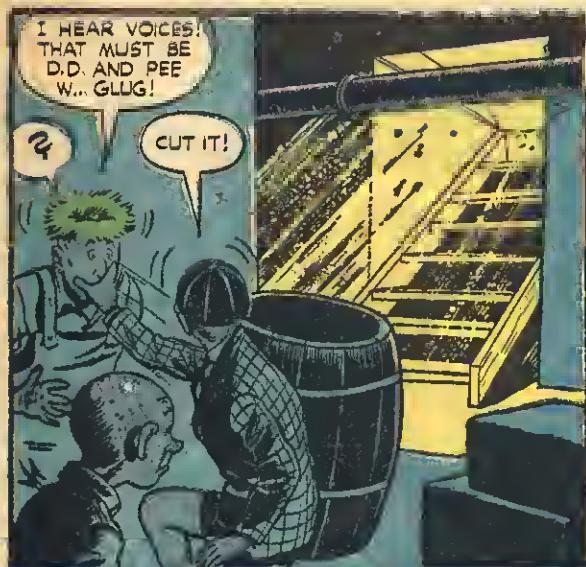
ALRIGHT, MOONEY! PULL INTO THE PLACE! SLOW, NOW!

RIGHT!



WAIT OUTSIDE, MOONEY!

RIGHT!



THAT'S HIM ALL RIGHT!
HE'S THE WISE GUY
WHO GOT TAUK AND
GROUSE PINCHED!

HE IS, EH? WELL, HE'LL WISH
TO HEAVEN HE WAS SAFE
IN JAIL WHEN I GET
THROUGH WITH HIM AND
HIS PALS! TIE THE THREE
OF THEM TO THE
PIPE HERE!

GAS OUTLET
CAUTION!
KEEP TIGHTLY
CLOSED

WATCHA GONNA DO
WITH 'EM, CARLSON?
JUST LEAVE THEM
HERE?

YOU GUessed IT, FELLA!
RIGHT HERE WITH A
CELLAR FULL OF GAS
TO KEEP THEM
COMPANY!

SO LONG, BOYS! YOU'LL
HAVE A LITTLE TIME TO
SAY GOODBYE
BEFORE THAT
GAS GETS YOU!
HA, HA!

ARE YOU AN' MOONEY
REALLY GONNA LET THEM
KIDS GET KNOCKED
OFF BACK THERE?

SHUDDUP!

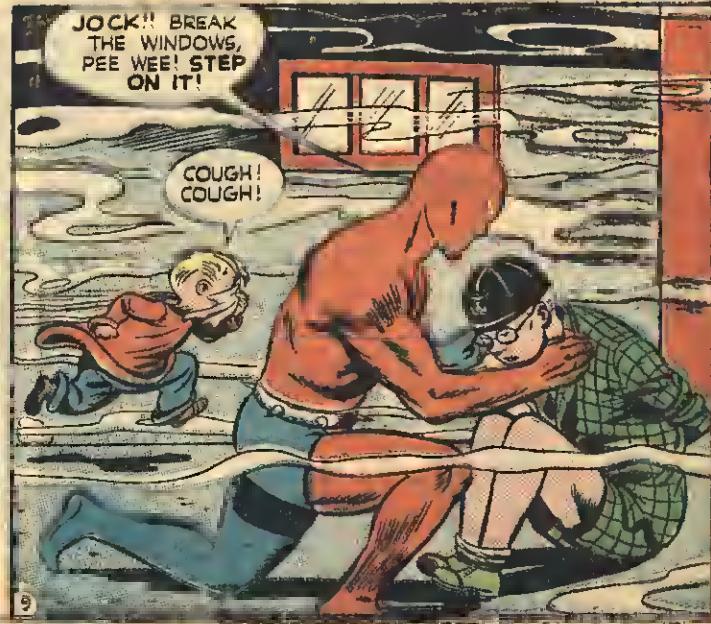
I'M SICK OF
SHUTTING UP,
CARLSON! YOU BEEN
CHEATIN' ON US ANYWAY
ON THE STUFF WE SWIPED
FOR YA! I GOT A MIND
TA QUIT PLAYIN' BALL
WITH YA!

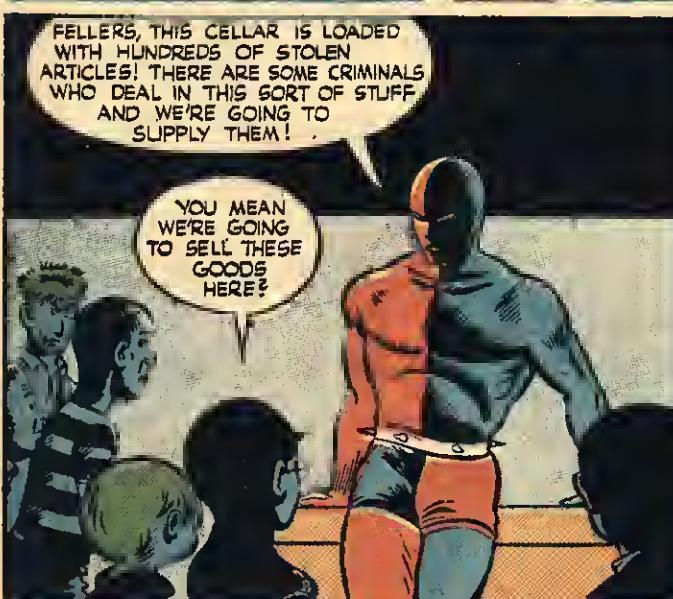
NOT A BAD IDEA,
KID! YOU'VE DONE ALL
YOU CAN FOR US, ANY-
WAY! GET OUT!
YOU'RE BOTH
CANNED!

WHY THE BIG
LUG! PUGSEY!
YOU THINKING
THE SAME THING
AS ME?

YEAH! I KINDA
GUESS SO! WE
OUGHTA GO BACK
TO DA CELLAR,
HUH?

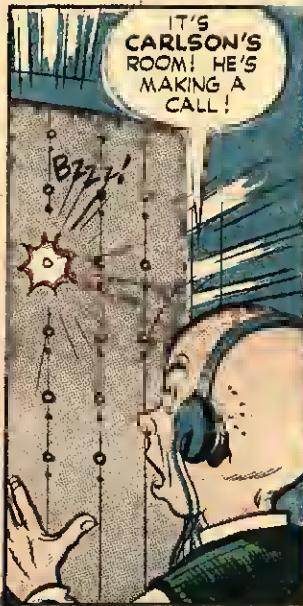












WHAT! WHY SORRY, THEY'RE THAT'S ROBBERY! CLAMPING DOWN IT COSTS ME ON US! GOTTA ALMOST THAT PAY EXTRA TA GET 'EM, NOW! TAKE IT OR LEAVE FLAP!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'LL BRING THE STUFF OVER!

WHAT TIME WILL YOU COME? MFF-

EH? WHAT'S THAT? WHO WAS THAT?

HE SAID HE'D BE OVER AT THREE THIS AFTERNOON!

YOU DOPE! DO YA WANNA GIVE DA WHOLE SHOW AWAY TALKING LIKE THAT? NOW WE'RE GETTING D.O.



BOY, O'BOY! WAIT'LL DAREDEVIL HEARS ABOUT THIS!

FLAP WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIS BLACKMARKET GARAGE WHEN DAREDEVIL GETS THROUGH WITH HIM!



WE'LL GO RIGHT WIT' YA, DAREDEVIL AND SMEAR THEM MUGS!

HOLD IT! HOLD IT! I'M GOING IN ALONE! YOU LADS WAIT FOR MY WHISTLE! IT'S ALMOST THREE! BE ON YOUR TOES!

WELL, YOU'VE GOT A NICE LITTLE SHOP HERE! HOW'S BUSINESS?

HUH? WHO PULLED YOU OUT OF A HAT? WHAT DO YA WANT, CLOWN?

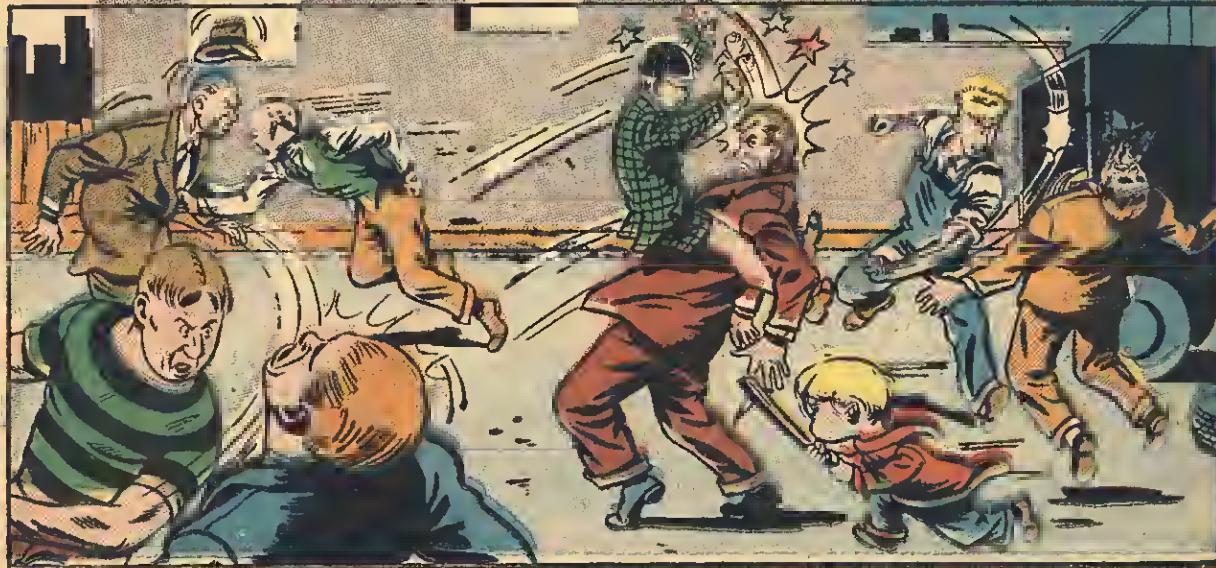


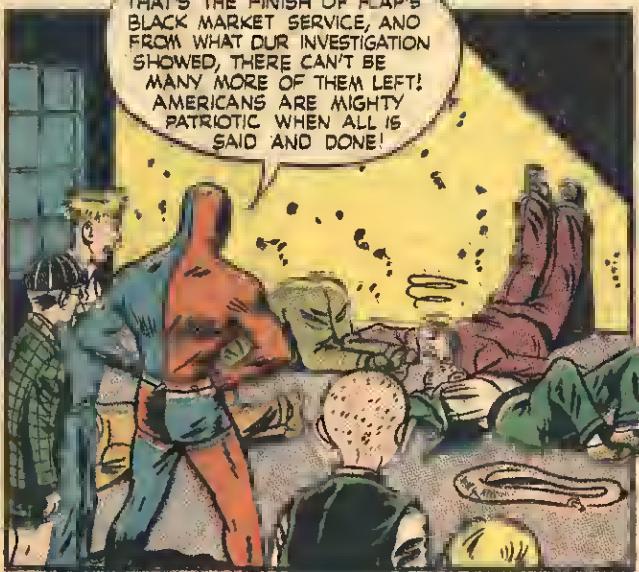
JUST CAME OVER FOR A LAUGH, FLAP!



NOW THAT'S NICE TIMING! HERE COMES CARLSON AND HIS STOOGES!

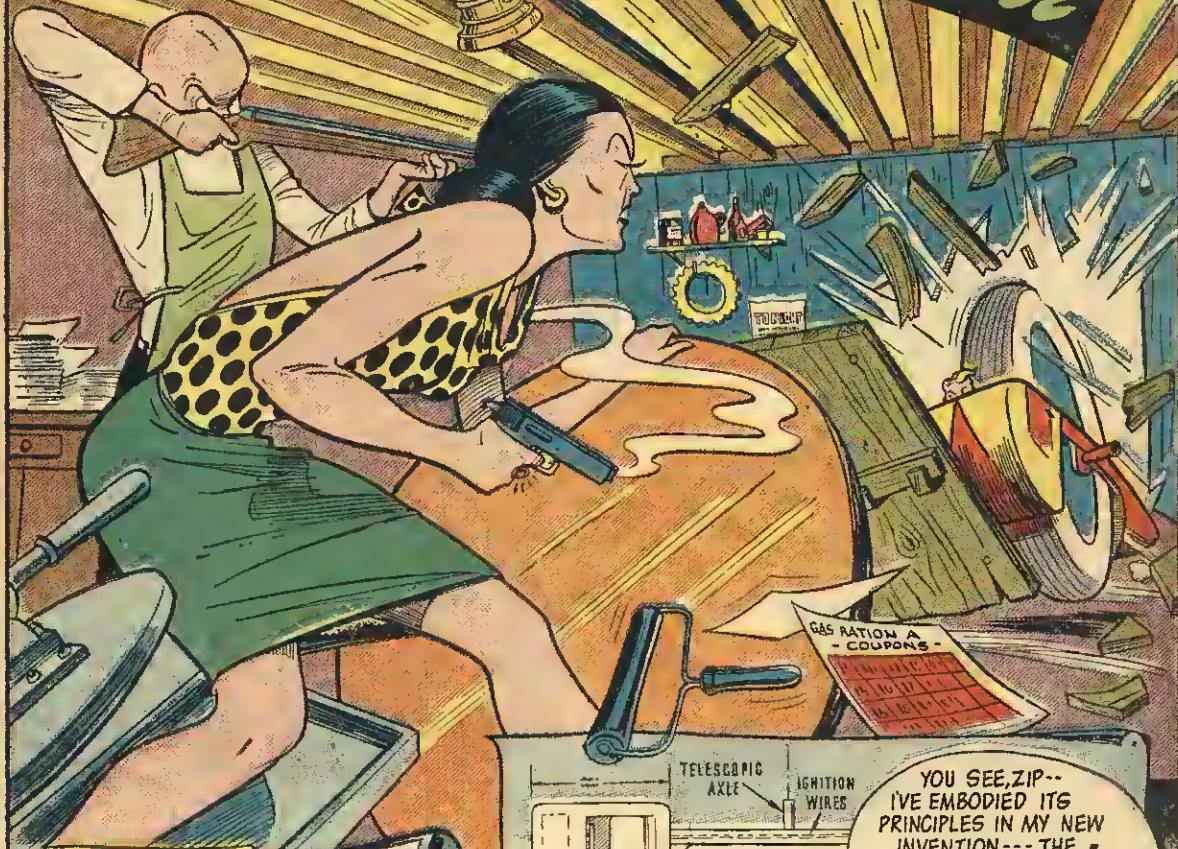






Dickie Dean

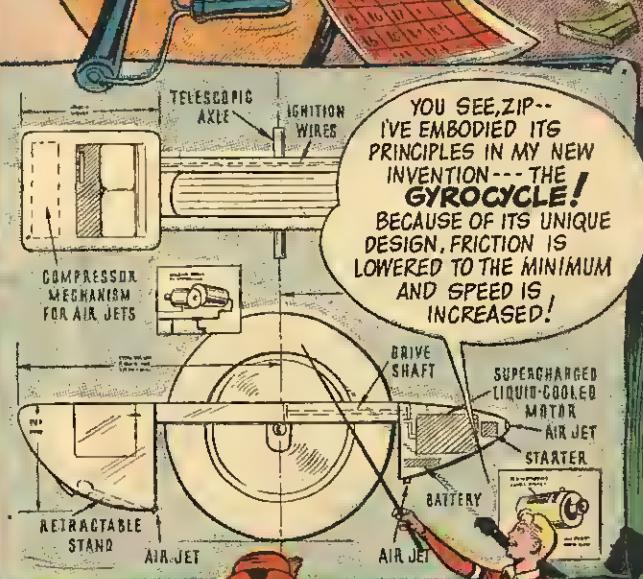
The Boy Inventor



At the Dean Laboratories

WHAT THE---
PLAYING WITH TOYS,
DICKIE? --- IS THIS
YOUR SECOND
CHILDHOOD OR
SOMETHIN'?

THIS IS
JUST A SIMPLE
GYROSCOPIC
TOP---



YOU SEE, ZIP--
I'VE EMBODIED ITS
PRINCIPLES IN MY NEW
INVENTION---THE
GYROCYLE!
BECAUSE OF ITS UNIQUE
DESIGN, FRICTION IS
LOWERED TO THE MINIMUM
AND SPEED IS
INCREASED!

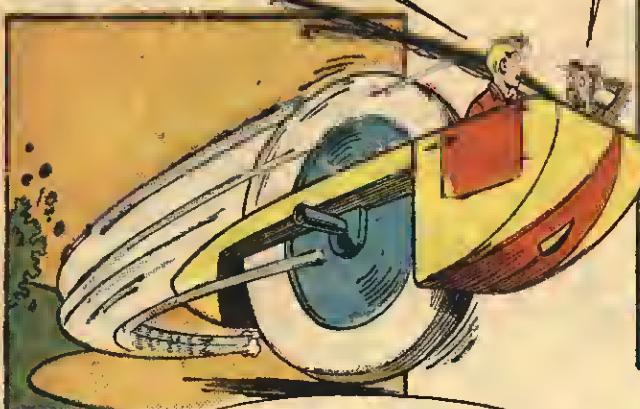
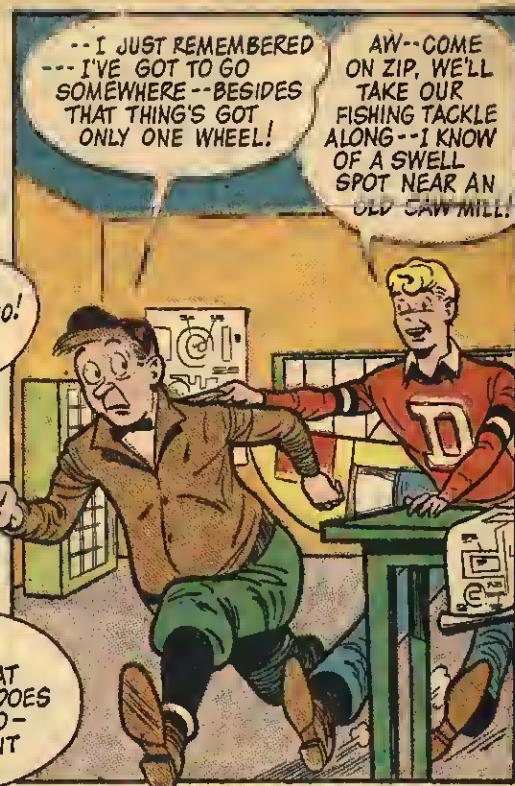
BUT THAT ISN'T ALL ZIP--IT HAS MANY OTHER FEATURES TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION--COME OVER AND I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU!

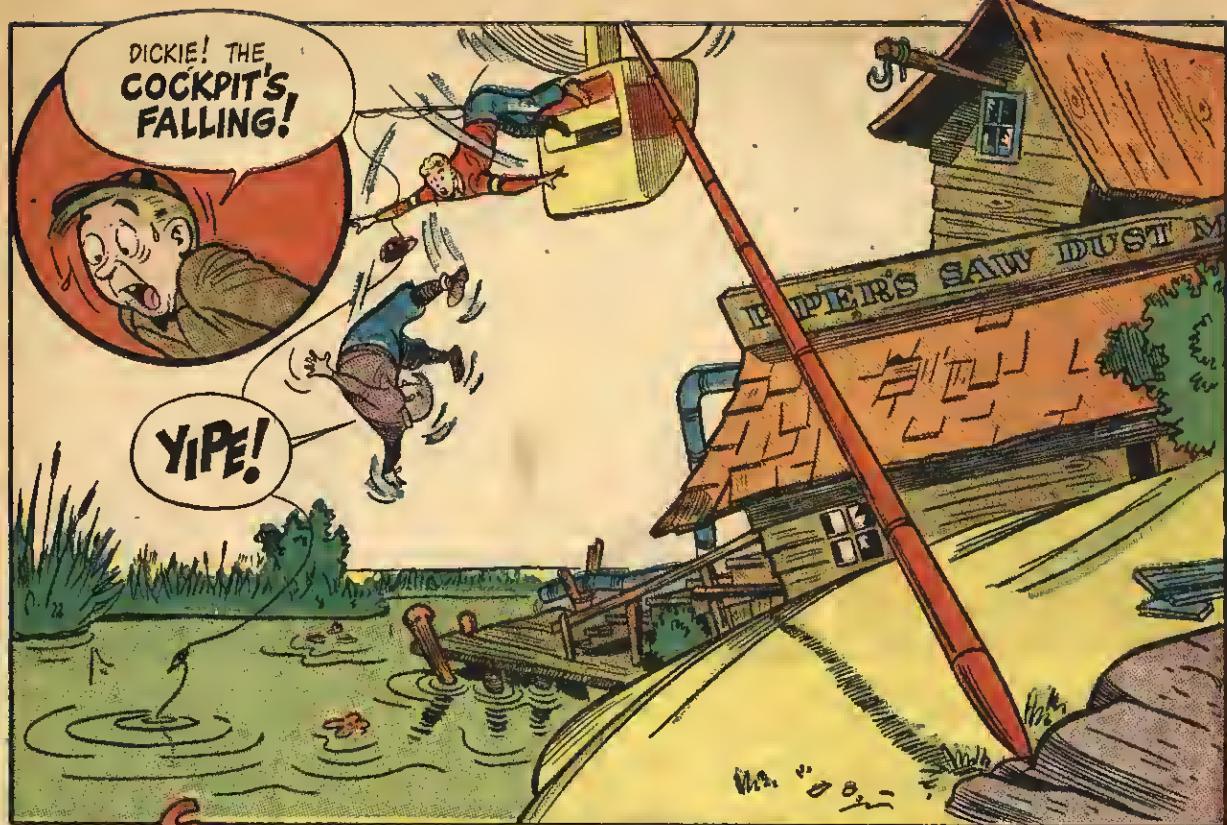
ISN'T SHE A HONEY?

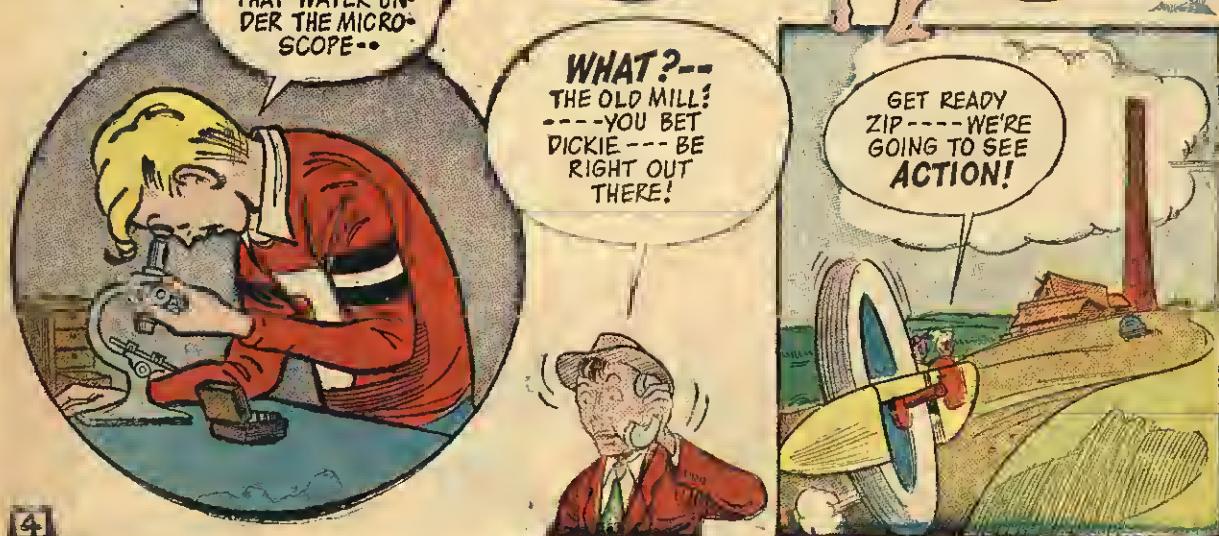
ZIP! IT'S MY BEST INVENTION YET! WITH THE AUTOMATIC AIR JETS IT'S THE SAFEST VEHICLE EVER BUILT--C'MON AND WE'LL TAKE HER FOR A TRIAL SPIN!

--I JUST REMEMBERED--I'VE GOT TO GO SOMEWHERE--BESIDES THAT THING'S GOT ONLY ONE WHEEL!

AW--COME ON ZIP, WE'LL TAKE OUR FISHING TACKLE ALONG--I KNOW OF A SWELL SPOT NEAR AN OLD SAW MILL!







MEANWHILE - INSIDE
THE SAW-MILL

WHAT'LL WE
DO NOW?

THE COPS HAVE
THE PLACE
SURROUNDED!

COME ALONG
WID ME, BABE
--- I'VE GOT
AN IDEA --

THEY'VE
STOPPED FIRING
INSPECTOR!

IT MAY BE A TRAP!
-- I DON'T WANT TO
LOSE ANY MEN BY
RUSHING THEM

GET READY
TO FOLLOW
ME IN, MEN!

CRASH!

EMPTY!

THEY'VE
GONE!

HERE'S WHERE
YOU'LL FIND THEM -
THEY'VE CLIMBED UP
INTO THIS CHIMNEY
AND SEALED THE
OPENING

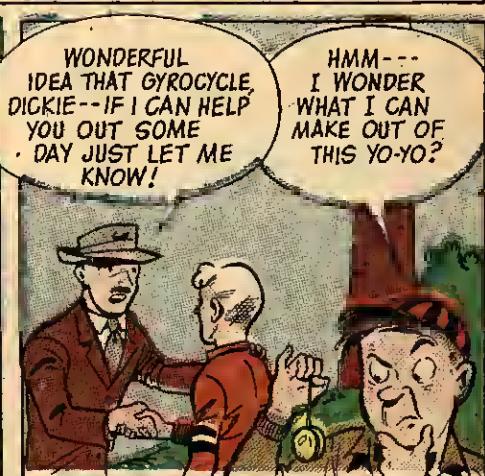
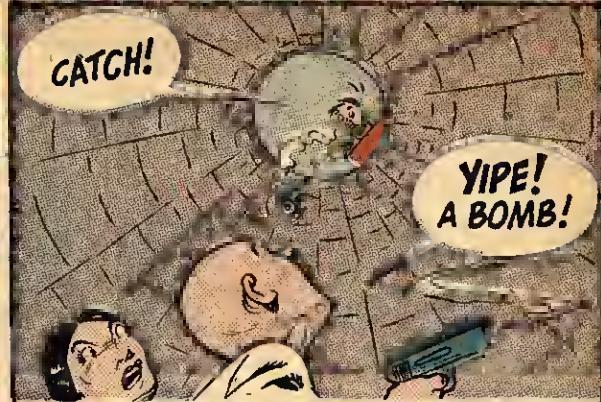
BUT WHY?
THEY'RE
TRAPPED!

-- PROBABLY
FIGURE ON HOLDING
OUT TILL NIGHT-FALL
--- IT WOULD BE
A CINCH TO GET
AWAY THEN!

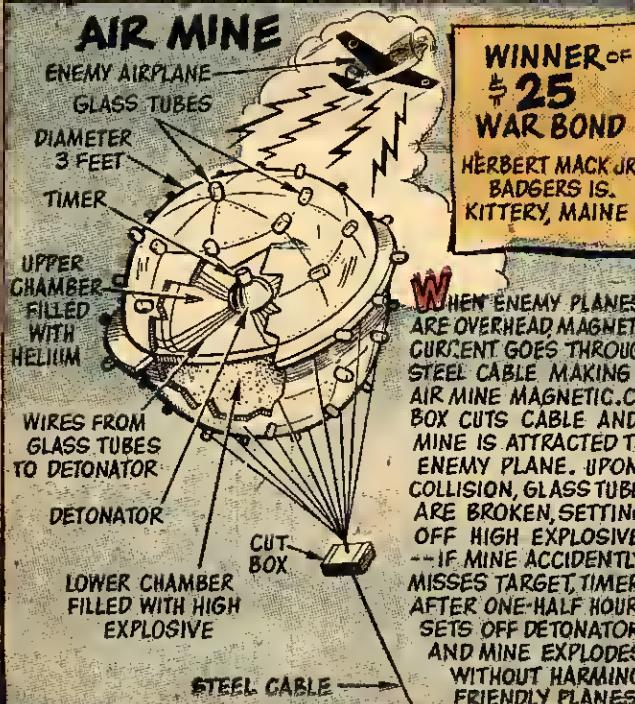
THERE THEY
ARE! LOOKOUT!
THEY'RE SHOOTING!

I DON'T THINK
THEY'VE SEEN US,
ZIP --- HURRY UP!

BANG
QUICK
ZIP! -- INTO THE
GYROCYCLE AND
BRING THE
TEAR-GAS
BOMBS!



Dickie Dean's INVENTION CONTEST



WHEN ENEMY PLANES ARE OVERHEAD MAGNETIC CURRENT GOES THROUGH STEEL CABLE MAKING AIR MINE MAGNETIC. CUT BOX CUTS CABLE AND MINE IS ATTRACTED TO ENEMY PLANE. UPON COLLISION, GLASS TUBES ARE BROKEN, SETTING OFF HIGH EXPLOSIVE. -- IF MINE ACCIDENTALLY MISSES TARGET, TIMER, AFTER ONE-HALF HOUR, SETS OFF DETONATOR AND MINE EXPLODES WITHOUT HARMING FRIENDLY PLANES.

EXTRA PRIZES OF \$5 GO TO

Jerry Seiff,
316 W. Howard St.,
Hibbing, Minn.
Arthur Verkant,
3440A S. Jefferson City,
St. Louis 18, Mo.

John Morris,
220 North Union St.,
Middletown, Penn.
Nicholas Galetta,
301 Saw Mill River Road,
Yonkers, N. Y.

James Korda,
Cleveland, Ohio

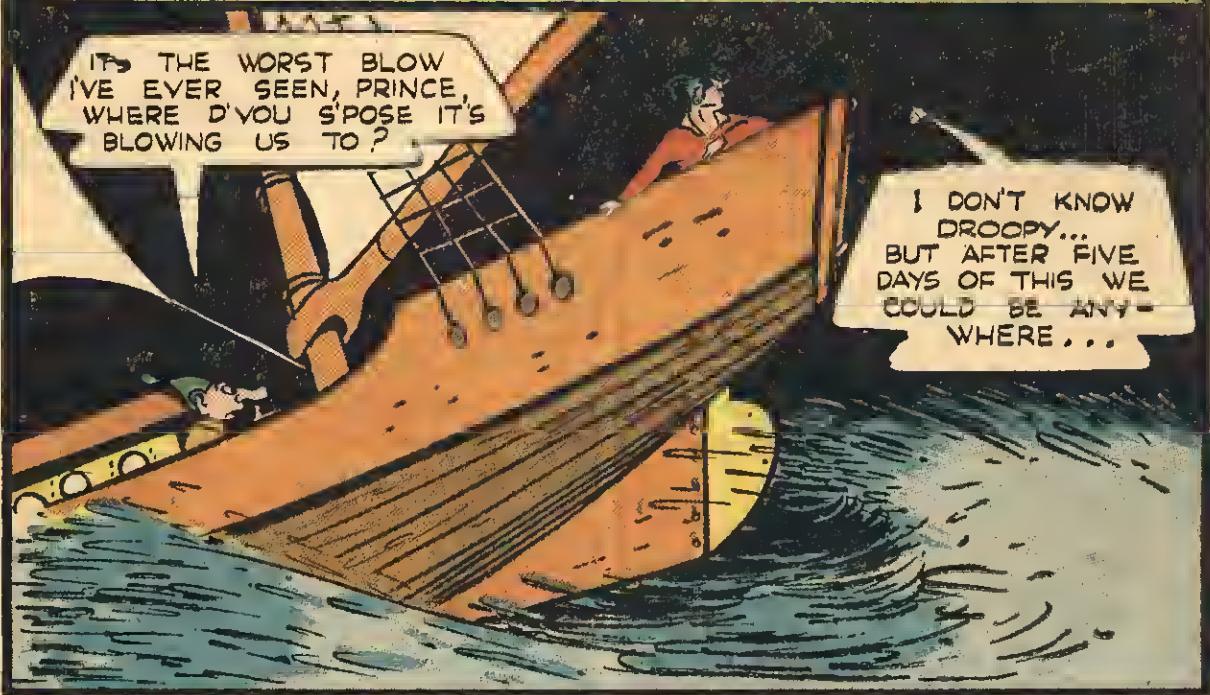
HONORABLE MENTION

Robert Treher,	Jim Nelson,	Dick Gaines,
Meredith, Conn.	Denver, Colo.	Auiland Hills, Minn.
Ronald Goldfarb,	Pete John Williams,	Lauderdale, N. J.
Baldwinsville, N. Y.	Long Beach, Calif.	Jan Leck,
George Shaan,	Richard Wilson,	New York, N. Y.
Wayne, Indiana Ind.	Schaumburg, Ill.	Donald Lobman
Philip French,	Henry C. Willard,	Massillon, Ohio
Mark Shattock, Mass.	Chicago Falls, Minn.	Herbert Gasser,
Roger Lator,	Kenosha, Edmond	Louisville, Kentucky
Los Angeles, Calif.	Graz, N. Y.	Norman McKittrick
Bob Lathrop,	Miles Malland,	New York, N. Y.
Seab Grove Ind.	Middleton, Ohio	Joe Hartney,
Terry Williams,	Marty Fisher,	Parkersburg, Va.
John Williams,	Franklin, Tenn.	Joseph McLaughlin
Richard Zeelewski,	Howard Lawrence,	Concord, N. J.
Cleveland, Ohio	San Francisco, Calif.	Gene Driville,
Dee Wilkins,	Richard Parker,	Detroit, Mich.
Oak Park, Ill.	Omaha, Neb.	Lorraine & Louis Kuban
John Milanes,	Charles Dumond,	Pleasant Unity, Pa.
Oconto, Mich.	Chelsea, Mass.	Donald Johnson
Leon Banning,	Berry Danes,	Amery, Wis.
Glenwood, Conn.	Allerton, Penn.	John V. Gandy
Alvin Gandy,	Edgar Gandy,	Salt Lake City, Utah
Mt. Jewett, Pa.	Lybrook, N. Y.	Anastasy Gavril,
David Maruson,	Genesse Wang,	Princeton, N. J.
Kidder Peck, N. J.	Stockton, Calif.	Arthur Jackson,
Gilbert Beauchemin,	Eugene Smith,	Newark, N. J.
Providence, R. I.	Vallejo, Calif.	Frank Fine,
Sammy Silver,	Louis DeSapio,	Bronx, N. Y.
Red Bank, N. J.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Harry D. Bang
Paul Tucker,	Clinton Brooks Davis,	Portola, Calif.
Boston, Mass.	Wilmington, Mass.	Billy Field & Martin Beamer,
Edward Myochkin,	Bert Hartung,	Louisville, Ky.
Union City, Conn.	Omaha, Neb.	

ZIP AND I ARE GRATEFUL AND APPRECIATIVE OF YOU AND OF THE OTHER INVENTIONS SENT IN! THANX—

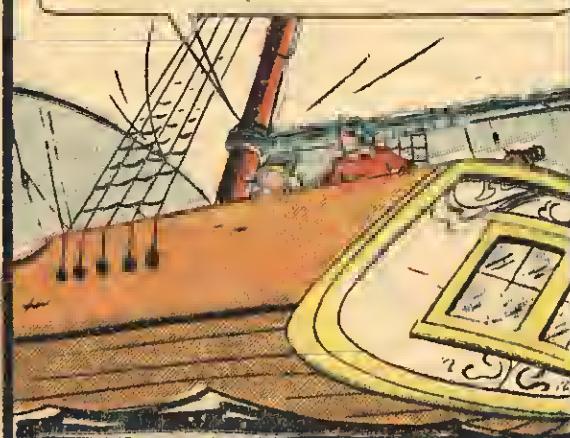
Dickie Dean

PIRATE PRINCE



ITS CLEARING UP... NOW WELL SEE WHERE WE ARE... I CAN SEE TWO ISLANDS OVER THERE PRINCE...

GOLLY! MAYBE WERE IN JAPAN OR SOMETHING.



LOOK! THERE'S A LONG CHAIN ACROSS THE ISLANDS... AND A SAIL TOO...



BR-R-R WHAT HAVE WE STUMLED
INTO PRINCE...

THE BLOATER...
THAT'S AN UGLY NAME
WONDER WHO HE
IS?

WHAT'S IT ALL
ABOUT PRINCE?

STOP!
ALL WHO DROP
ANCHOR HERE ARE
DOOMED
BY ORDER OF
THE BLOATER

TURN BACK, PIRATE PRINCE, TURN
BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, HURRY,
HURRY...

CEASE STAMMERING LIKE
A FRIGHTENED JELLY FISH
AND TELL US WHAT IT'S ALL
ABOUT, JAUNDICE
JOHN.

SCUTTLE THE CHAIN
DROOPY!

AYE, AYE, SIR.
GULP!

BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, BLOATER HATES MY
FAMILY... HE GOT MY GRANDFATHER J.JOHN THE
FIRST, MY FATHER J.JOHN THE 2ND AND NOW HE'S
AFTER ME...

RIDICULOUS! YOUR GRANDFATHER DIED A
HUNDRED YEARS AGO... JAUNDICE...

THAT'S JUST IT, THE
BLOATER IS HUNDREDS OF
YEARS OLD, MY FAMILY HAS
ALWAYS WARNED ME
ABOUT HIM...

GO DOWN IN THE CABIN
AND TASTE MY BRANDY WHILE
WE'RE SAILING AHEAD...

AND SO THE PRINCE AND HIS CREW ENTER THE CHANNEL...

GOSH! LOOKIT THEM, PRINCE, GHOST SHIPS!

DROOPY WELL HAVE TO DROP ANCHOR HERE I'M AFRAID THE CHANNEL IS TOO SHALLOW...



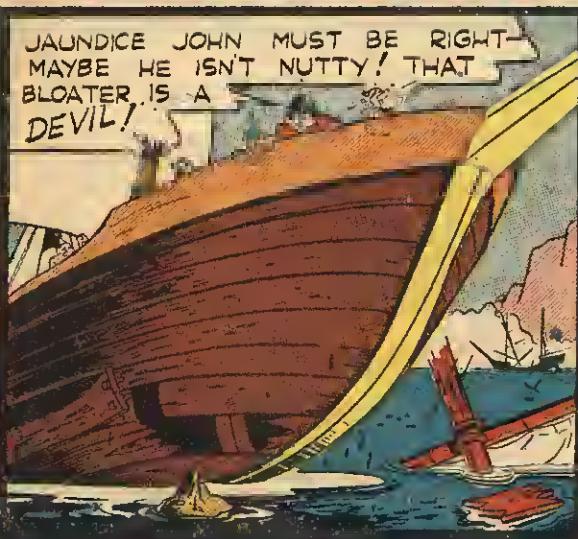
WE'RE AGROUND!!
I TOLD YOU! I TOLD YOU
WHOOPS!

CRASH!

CRACK!



JAUNDICE JOHN MUST BE RIGHT
MAYBE HE ISN'T NUTTY! THAT BLOATER IS A DEVIL!



HA-HA-HA-HEE HEE HEE!



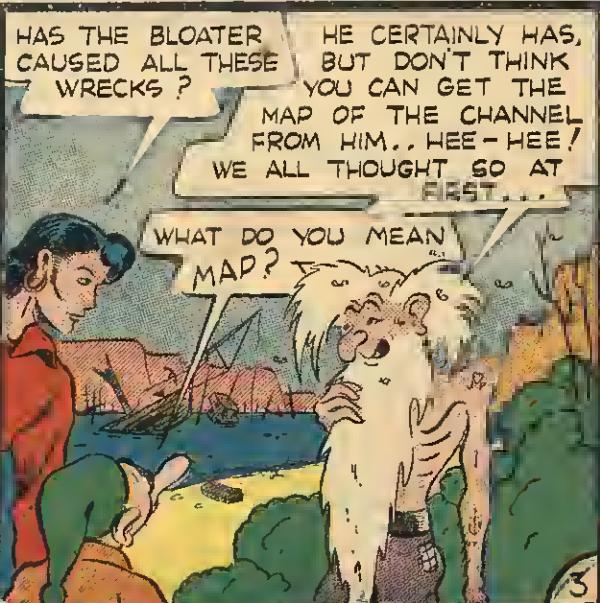
HO! HO! SO YOU GOT CAUGHT TOO!
WELCOME! WELCOME!... WE'VE GOT
LOTS OF COMPANY HERE.. HEE! HEE!
BUT NOBODY CAN GO HOME, HA! HA!
YOU'LL BE HERE FOREVER NOW!



HAS THE BLOATER CAUSED ALL THESE WRECKS?

HE CERTAINLY HAS,
BUT DON'T THINK
YOU CAN GET THE
MAP OF THE CHANNEL
FROM HIM.. HEE-HEE!
WE ALL THOUGHT SO AT
FIRST...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN
MAP?



THERE'S ONE TWISTING CHANNEL TO
FREEDOM HEE! HEE! BUT THE BLOATER
HAS THE ONLY MAP, AND THE ONLY
SEAWORTHY BOAT TOO... AND HE LIVES
ON IT... BY THE WAY, IS JAUNDICE JOHN
ON YOUR BOAT?



SO THAT'S JAUNDICE, TSK! TSK!
TOO BAD, THE BLOATER'S WAITED A
LONG TIME TO TORTURE HIM...

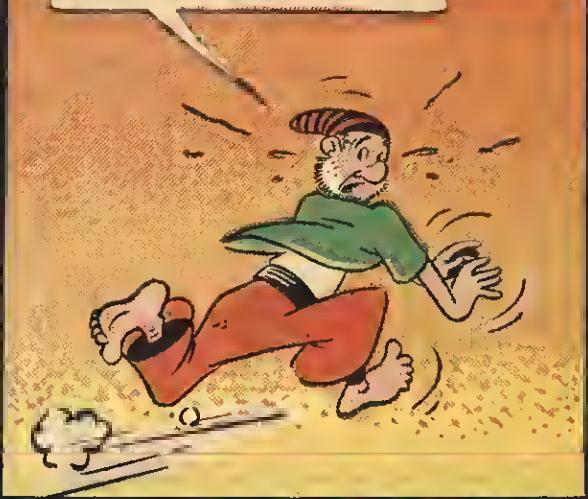
LEAD THE WAY, SAILOR-
I WANT WORDS
WITH THIS CHARACTER!



THAT IS THE ONLY SERVICEABLE BOAT,
THE CHAP SAID WE'LL HAVE TO GET HIS
ATTENTION, NOW LISTEN...



SO LONG, SEE YOU LATER, DON'T
WAIT UP FOR ME...



THERE HE IS READING ABOUT NERO
AGAIN... I'VE GOT TO GO.. HE'D SHOOT
ME IF HE KNEW I DIDN'T REPORT YOU..
GOOD LUCK!



IT'S A STRANGER, MASTER...

A STRANGER! MAYBE IT'S JAUNDICE JOHN... GET HIM! WAIT! PULL ME UP, YOU DOGS

YES SIR!
YES SIR!



FASTER! FASTER!
ONLY FIVE BEATINGS
A DAY TO THE ONE
WHO CATCHES THE
STRANGER... IF
HE'S JAUNDICE
JOHN...



YOUR EVIL DAYS ARE OVER,
BLOATER...

IT'S THE
PIRATE PRINCE...



GIVE UP BLOATER, OR I'LL CARVE YOU
TO RIBBONS... YOUR SLAVES WON'T
HELP YOU NOW...

STICK A KNIFE IN THIS FOOL'S BACK,
SLAVES... OR YOU'LL NEVER
GET OUT ALIVE...

WHAT'LL WE DO?

LET'S FIGHT
FOR THE PRINCE...

HE'LL GET US
OUT!!



ALL RIGHT, HAVE IT
YOUR OWN WAY I'LL
SQUASH YOU ALL AND
GET MORE HELPERS
FROM SHORE...



OH-H! HE'S GETTING
AWAY, AND HE'S GOT
THE ONLY MAP...

OH! OH!
HE'S DROPPED
SOMETHING...



MISSED! OH, HE'S GETTING AWAY,
NOW WE'LL ALL BE KILLED...

I'LL BE BACK!!



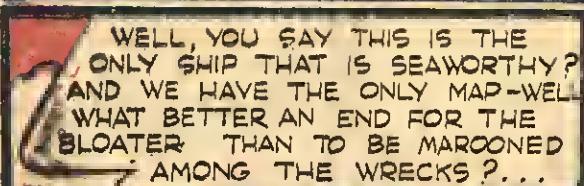
OH, NO WE WON'T! HE DROPPED
THIS OUT OF HIS POCKET WHEN
HE WENT OVER... AND IT LOOKS
LIKE THE MAP TO THE CHANNEL...

GOOD OLD DROOPY!
QUICK! LET'S PICK UP
OUR CREW AND THE OLD
GUY ON THE BEACH...



STEP LIVELY, MEN
THERE'S NO TIME TO
LOSE...

HEY! WAIT FOR ME,
NEVER THOUGHT YOU COULD DO IT,



WELL, YOU SAY THIS IS THE
ONLY SHIP THAT IS SEAWORTHY?
AND WE HAVE THE ONLY MAP—WELL
WHAT BETTER AN END FOR THE
BLOATER THAN TO BE MAROONED
AMONG THE WRECKS?...

WHAT ABOUT THE
BLOATER, PRINCE?!

AND SO ONCE MORE PIRATE PRINCE
SETS OUT ON ANOTHER MISSION OF
MERCY A JUBILANT CREW OF
SURVIVORS SAILING WITH HIM...



THE MYSTERY OF MUSKRAT LAKE

By DICK WOOD

CRIMEBUSTER plodded up the river bank, his wet mocassined feet making small imprints in the damp soil. At the top he dropped his heavy knapsack to the ground and took a deep breath. Conquering the Maine wilds was no child's play no matter what excellent condition one might be in. It had been hard going since he and Squeeks left Caribou and set out through the Maine woods toward Canada and the mysterious Muskrat Lake they were seeking—a lake that *Crimebuster* had good reason to believe held far more important things than the shiny animal pelts.

For months authorities had known that the notorious Royce Germain had some sort of a hideout near the Canadian border. They had, after precise investigation gotten it down to the approximate vicinity in the wilderness. They knew that some sort of autogiro was carrying Germain and his henchmen in and out of their wooded retreat. But that was as far as it went. No amount of aerial surveying revealed the slightest sign of the hideout. *Crimebuster* had studied the pictures carefully. Gone over them minutely for days and though there were many spots where an autogiro or helicopter might land, a little known pool of water called Muskrat Lake was ideal. It was by all means a gamble in the strictest sense of the word and even *Crimebuster* himself was not too confident of obtaining results. However, it would be a twofold excursion for any hike of that distance, though the Maine woods could also be looked on as a vacation trip.

Muskrat Lake had gotten its name over forty years ago when two trappers had stumbled on the small body of water and noticed numerous muskrats. Since then no one had been back due to its inaccessible location and had not *Crimebuster* luckily discov-

ered one of the trappers who gave him the trail as he remembered it from forty years back, it might have been a hopeless situation.

As *Crimebuster* closed his eyes under the starry sky that night, the brutal face of Royce Germain danced before him. What was this arch master of crime up to now? This Germain who had terrorized half the world with a thousand different rackets. The Germain who had flaunted his talents before the FBI and disappeared before their trap in South America could be sprung. It was no wonder that *Crimebuster* tossed restlessly in his sleeping bag that night, tor on the morrow he would be within sight of Muskrat Lake and perhaps one of the most notorious killers the country had even seen.

It was just noon the next day when *Crimebuster* reached the top of the small mountain peak and shouted back to Squeeks scrambling up behind him.

"This is it, Squeeks," he called, bringing his field glasses up to his eyes, "Muskrat Lake should be right ahead!"

Straight ahead *Crimebuster* could see a small almost hidden pool of water. Dark pines cast their shadows bathing it in a deep oppressing gloom. Small wonder, *Crimebuster* thought, that the trappers had not wished to return here. With the crude map he had made from the guide's directions, he checked the location. Yes, this was Muskrat Lake alright. Just as it had been pictured to him.

With Squeeks on his shoulder, *Crimebuster* set out slowly through the woods ahead. A strange stillness seemed to fill the forest ahead and more than once *Crimebuster* caught himself looking back. That was silly. There was probably nothing but a soggy old pond ahead and Royce Germain, if in the woods at all, was most likely miles away.

Squeeks was about fifty yards from the lake's edge when it happened. Something twanged under his legs and he leaped into a tree squeaking loudly. *Crimebuster* bent down quickly and caught his breath. A small signal wire that ran carefully concealed under the leaves and bushes was what Squeeks had struck. A short whistle brought Squeeks to his shoulder and he sped ahead rapidly. A signal wire. Then someone was hiding out here. Someone who at this very minute knew of their presence. Ahead a small grove of bushes offered protection and *Crimebuster* headed for them. He was almost there when suddenly he heard Squeeks' shrill cry of fear in his ear and the earth seemed to come up and envelop him.

Minutes later a dazed and bruised *Crimebuster* shook his head and opened his eyes. He was in a great pit many feet deep and up above at the opening Squeeks was dancing frantically about attempting to attract his attention. Half-way to his feet *Crimebuster* suddenly saw Squeeks wave both his little hands in a warning and then disappear. A moment later the knarled weatherbeaten face of a man long aged in the woods appeared above him.

"What are you doing out here, feller?" the gruff voice said.

"I'm just out camping. What the devil have you got here—a lion pit! Get me out!"

The man grunted and vanished only to return a moment later and cast a long thick rope down to *Crimebuster*. His right hand held a colt revolver as he motioned to *Crimebuster*.

"The rope is tied to a tree. Start climbing and no monkey-shines. I got a blasted good eye and a gun to go with it."

Crimebuster had just reached the edge of the pit when Squeeks sprung. His small brown body plunged down from the tree tops straight for the gun arm of the watchman. As strong paws drew screams of pain from the man's throat *Crimebuster* clasped a brown hand across his mouth and dragged him to the ground. In a moment it was all over and *Crimebuster* reached over to roll the guard into the pit. Suddenly he stopped and hurriedly began stripping the man of his clothing. A mad man that would protect himself this much in the wilderness of Maine would stop at nothing. Surely there would be other guards and other traps.

Carefully the youth and his monkey crept

down to the water's edge where they could see a row-boat had been run hastily up on shore. The guards, *Crimebuster* thought, and boldly he stepped into the boat keeping Squeeks well hidden in the bow. Across the lake, a dark condensed section of trees revealed the outlines of a structure behind it. *Crimebuster* started rowing. The open stretch of water was only about forty yards but he would be well in the open. Ten yards . . . fifteen . . . twenty . . . he rowed. Then suddenly he saw it. In the very center of the lake, partially hidden by a half submerged island, stood Royce Germain and his autogiro. He was perched in the cockpit, a rifle aimed straight at *Crimebuster*. His voice bellowed across the water.

"What in blazes was it, Green?"

Crimebuster swallowed hard. "Just another animal," he shouted back in a disguised voice.

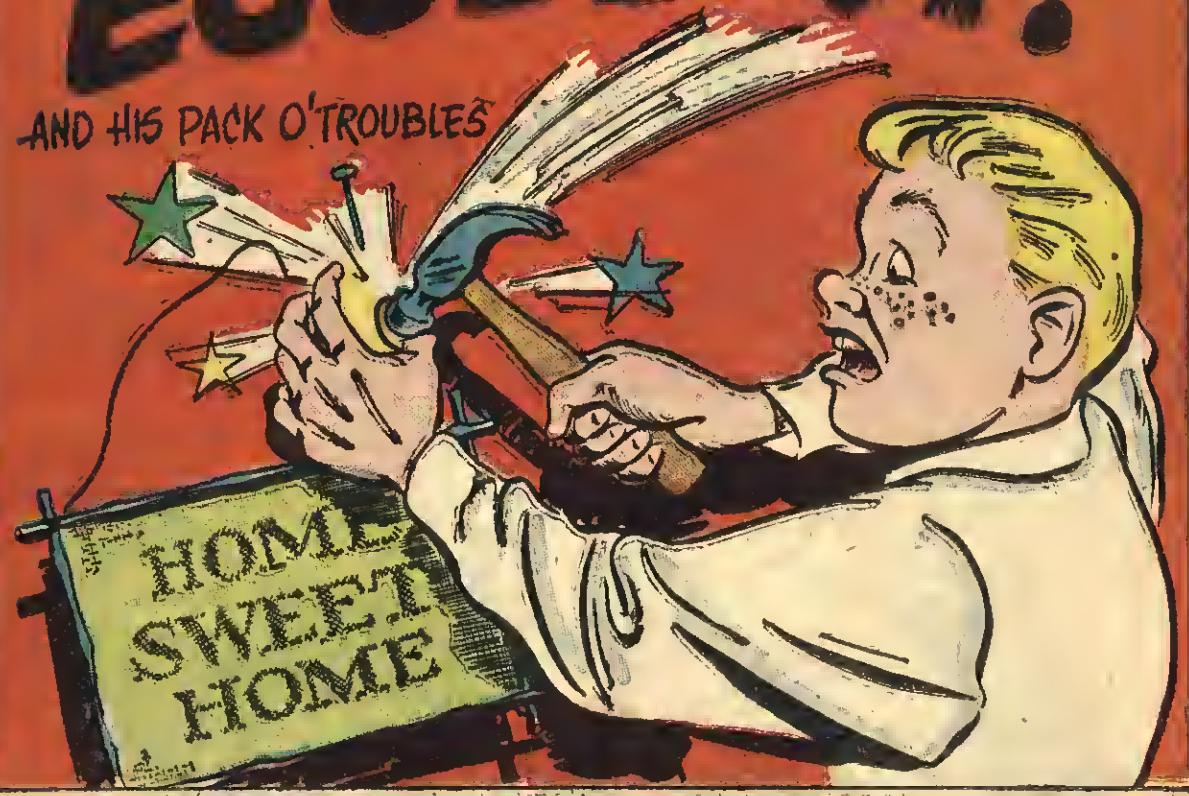
Germain grunted and started out of the cockpit. At the same moment, *Crimebuster* put extra power into his strokes. This was the showdown. Once Germain reached shore the show would be over. Other stooges would have him finished in no time. Closer, closer he came to the plane. Germain was stepping into his small skiff now, preparing to row back to shore and his mysterious hideout snuggled in the cluster of trees. He was almost alongside when Germain swung about. A question started to form on his lips and died. His seasoned criminal eyes had seen through *Crimebuster's* disguise at a glance. A wild roar of rage tore from his lips and he threw his body across the intervening space between the two boats. Caught off balance *Crimebuster* rolled with him. One strong foot shot up and sank deep into the hard muscles of the killer's stomach. Plunging backwards *Crimebuster* watched Germain's face go over the side into the water, an expression of mingled surprise and fear on it. Two minutes later, he lifted the heavy carcass back and pumped the water from its lungs.

Several hours later authorities at the Canadian airfield clustered about *Crimebuster* and his captive in the camouflaged autogiro.

"But what in the world was he doing out there," one of them finally asked. *Crimebuster* smiled. "Believe it or not he was hiding out his wealth, gentlemen." Hidden away practically invisible at a hundred feet, Germain had built himself a vault for the millions he had stolen. The biggest job will be seeing that it all returns to where it belongs.

MEET EGGBERT!

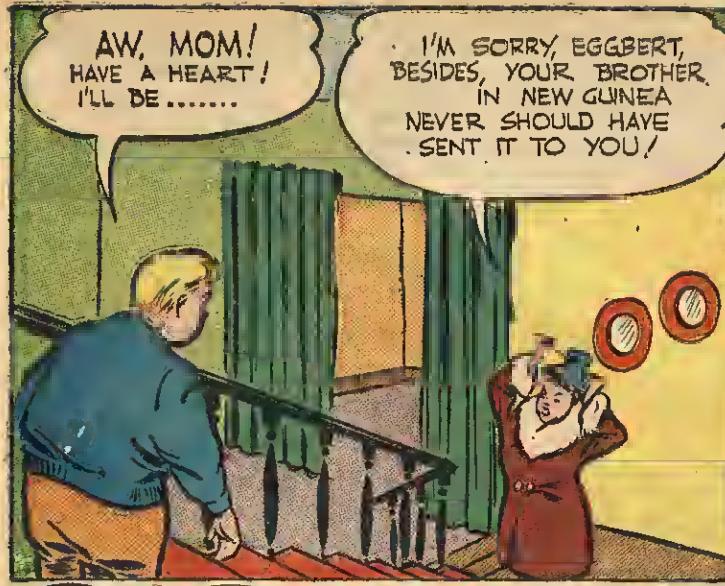
AND HIS PACK O' TROUBLES



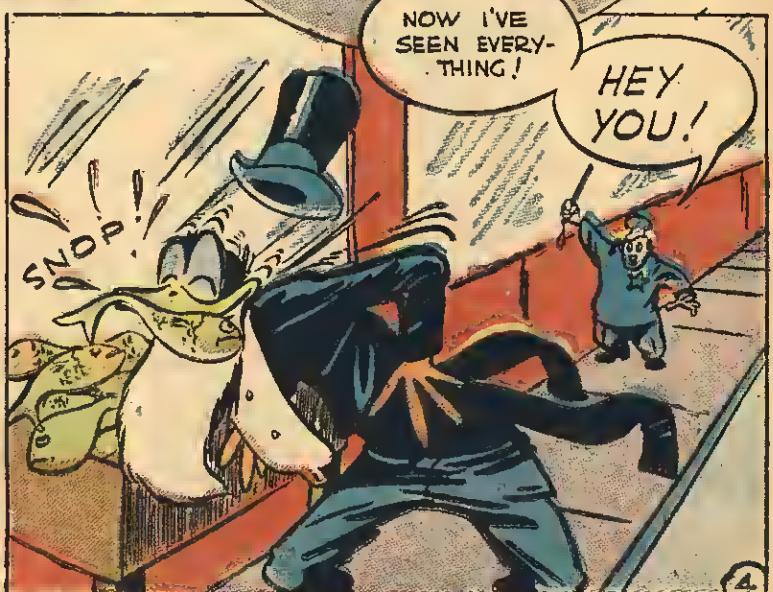
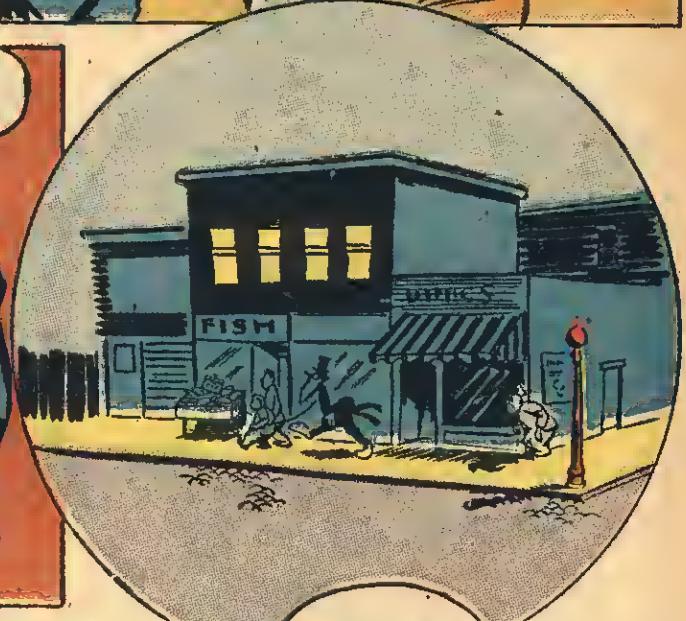
GRACIOUS!
THAT ANIMAL
DID IT AGAIN!!

EGGBERT!
GET THAT PET OF YOURS
OUT OF THIS HOUSE AS
QUICKLY AS YOU CAN—
BEFORE I LOSE MY
TEMPER!!









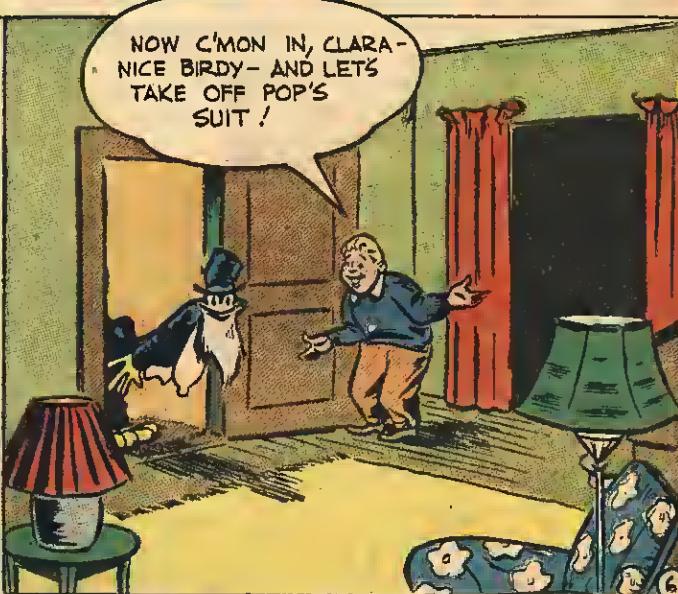
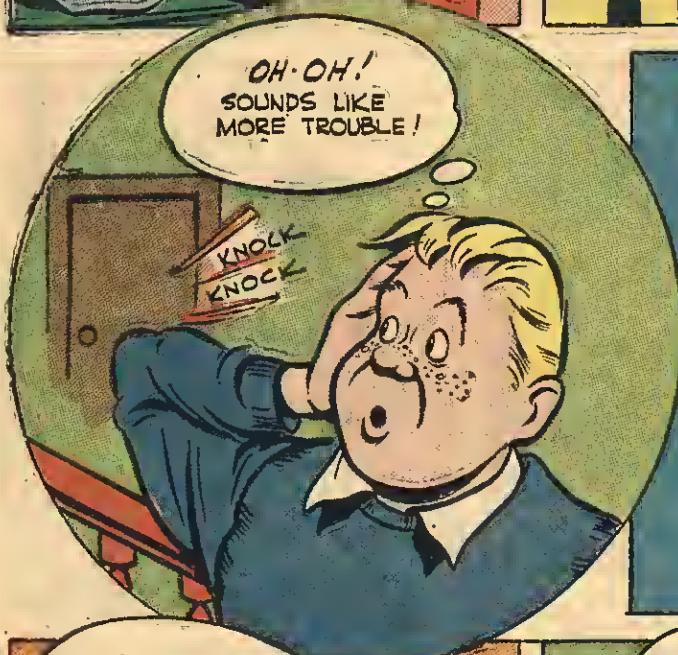
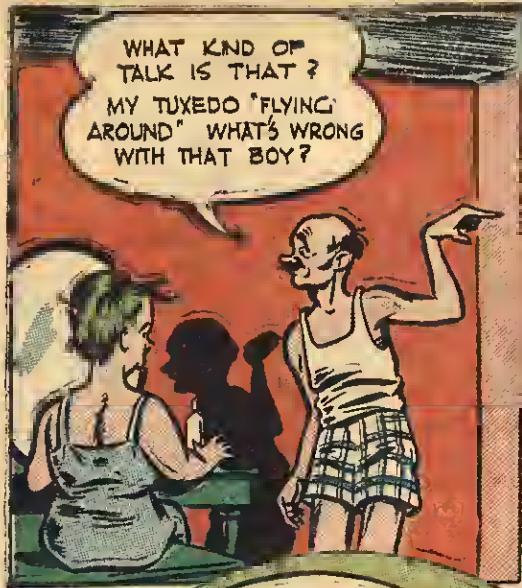
HEY YOU OLD GOAT — WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SWIPING THAT FISH? I'M GOING TO RUN YOU IN!

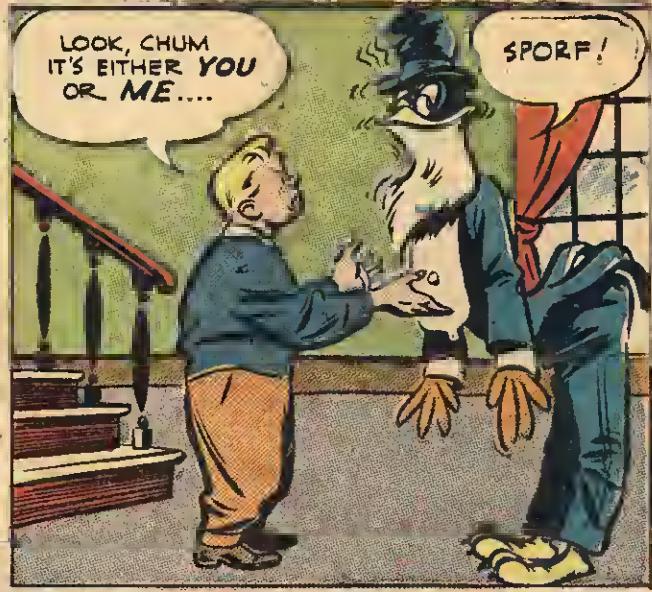
WAIT A MINUTE...
WHAT THE...
HEY!

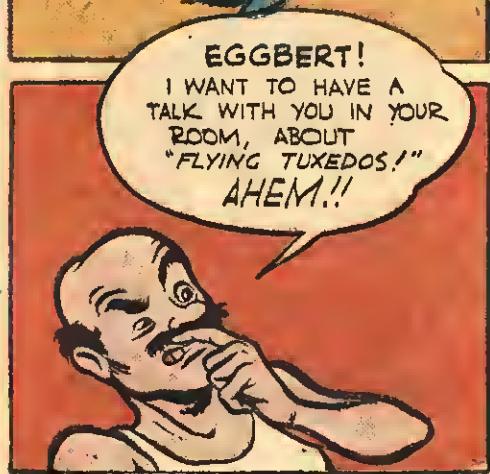
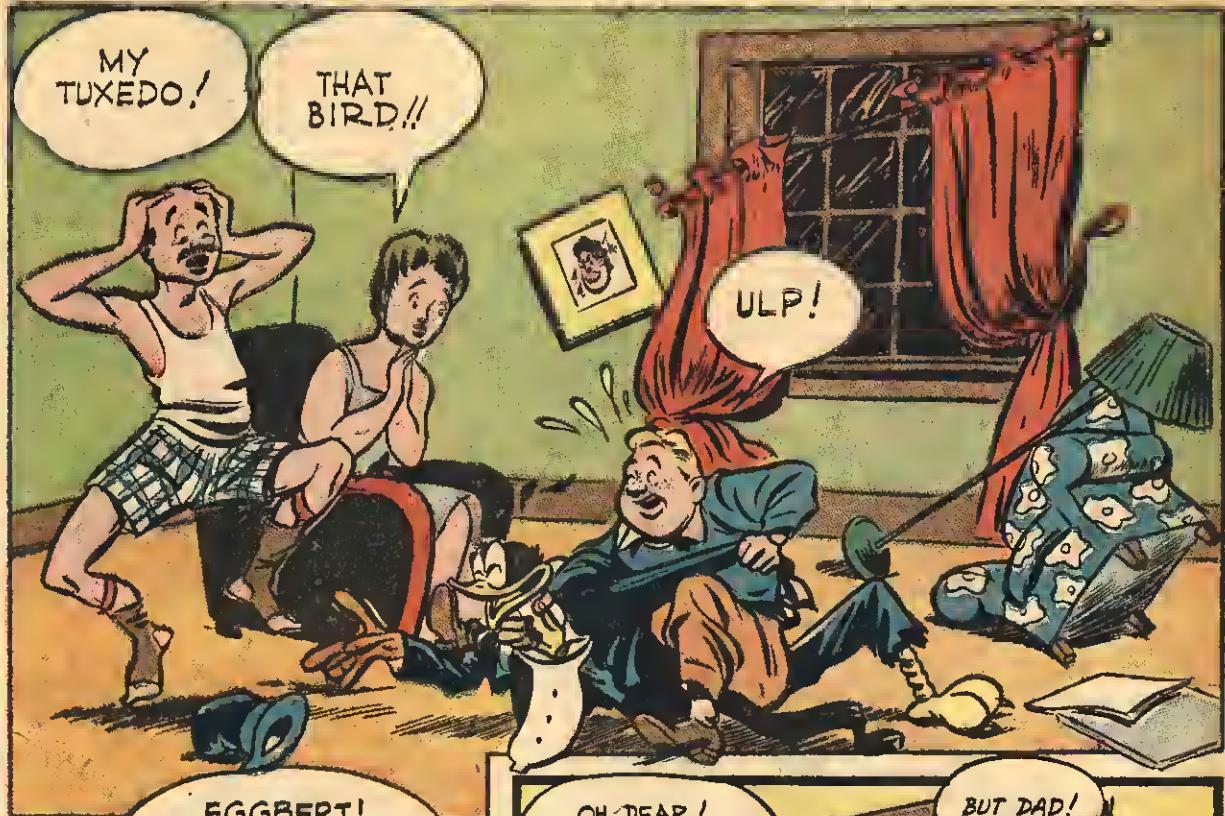


AND OF COURSE—
OF ALL NIGHTS
THIS IS
THE NIGHT
THAT
EGGBERT'S
DAD AND
MOTHER
PLAN
•STEP OUT•



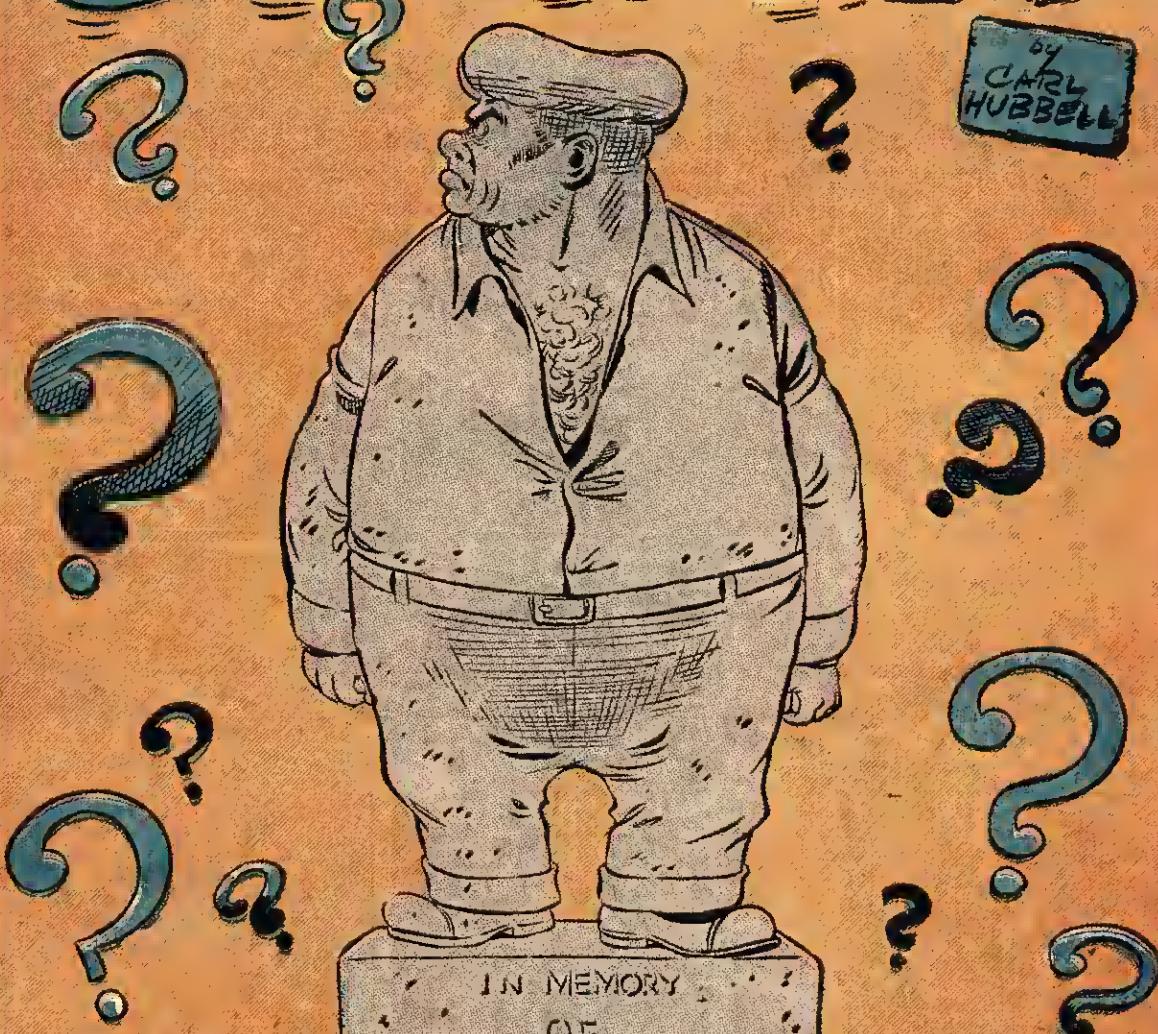






SNIFFER

by
CARL HUBBELL



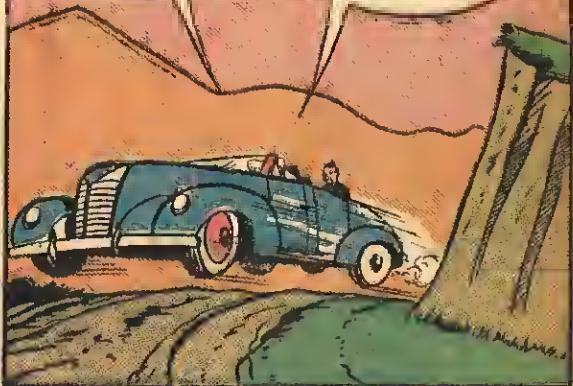
DA COUNTRY ALWAYS DEPRESSES ME, SNIFFER! IT'S SO UNNATCHEREL! JEST TREES AN' MOUNTAINS!

IT AIN'T SO DEPRESSIN' AS LOOKIN' OUT THROUGH BARS! AN' DAT'S WHAT WOULD'A HAPPENED IF WE STUCK AROUND TOWN AFTER DAT LAST JOB!



BUT IF WE GOTTA HIDE OUT, HOW COME YA PICKED SECH A DISMAL JOINT AS DA COUNTRY? UGH!

OA COPS'LL NEVER THINK OF LOOKIN' FER US HERE! AN' BESIDES I GOTTA WONDERFUL JOINT PICKED OUT! WHATTA SURPRISE IT'LL BE!

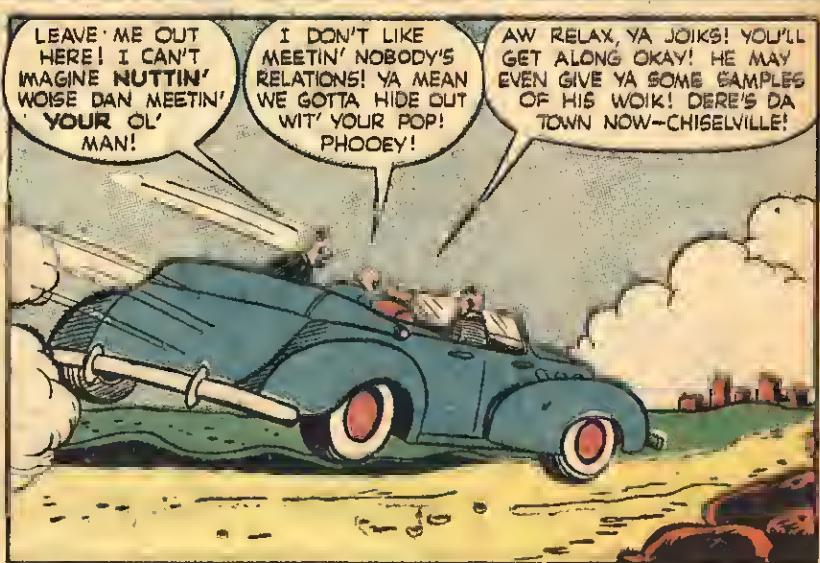


I WON'T KEEP YA GUESSIN'! WE'RE GONNA VISIT ME OLD PAW! HIM AN' YOU MUGS WILL GET ALONG SWELL! HE USED TA BE DA BEST COUNTERFEITER IN DA EAST!

LEAVE ME OUT HERE! I CAN'T IMAGINE NUTTIN' WISE DAN MEETIN' YOUR OL' MAN!

I DON'T LIKE MEETIN' NOBODY'S RELATIONS! YA MEAN WE GOTTA HIDE OUT WIT' YOUR POP! PHOOEY!

AW RELAX, YA JOIKS! YOU'LL GET ALONG OKAY! HE MAY EVEN GIVE YA SOME SAMPLES OF HIS WOK! DERE'S DA TOWN NOW-CHISELVILLE!



IT'S AGIN' ME BETTER JUDGE-MENT, BUT ANY OLD PORT IN A STORM!

AW, SHUDDUP!



HI, PAW! REMEMBER ME?

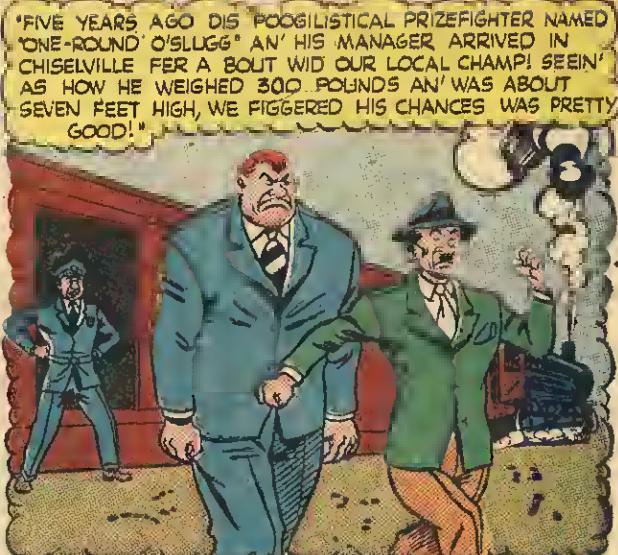
GREAT GUNS! Y..YOU!



WE COME TA HIDE OUT FER A WEEK OR TWO 'TIL - HEY!! GOIN' SOME PLACE?

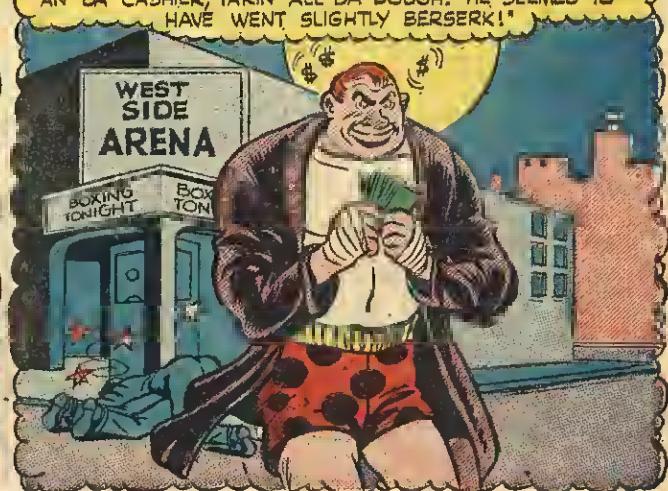
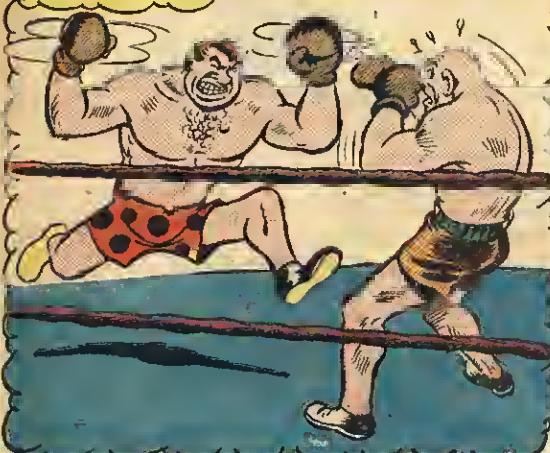
ER...ER...AS A MATTER OF FACT, I WAS JEST COMIN' TA LIVE WID YOU!





"DA NIGHT OF DA FIGHT O'SLUGG COME TEARIN' OUT OF
HIS CORNER WID A FEARFUL BELLOW! DA CHAMP LOOKED
SOMWHAT NERVOUS! SO DID EVERYBODY WHO HAD
BET ON HIM!"

"O'SLUGG NOT ONLY KNOCKED OUT DA CHAMP WID DNE PUNCH,
BUT ALSO HIS MANAGER, DA REFEREE, SEVERAL SPECTATORS,
AN' DA CASHIER, TAKIN' ALL DA DOUGH! HE SEEMED TO
HAVE WENT SLIGHTLY BERSERK!"



"SINCE HE COULD LICK ANY MAN AROUND HE'S
BEEN RUNNIN' DA TOWN EVER SINCE AN' HIS
WORD IS LAW! AIN'T NOBODY HERE THAT AIN'T
SCARED TA DEATH OF BOSS O'SLUGG!"



AND DAT, SON, IS
WHY I WAS COMIN'
TO LIVE WID YOU!
ANYTHING IS
BETTER'N LIVIN'
HERE ANY
LONGER!



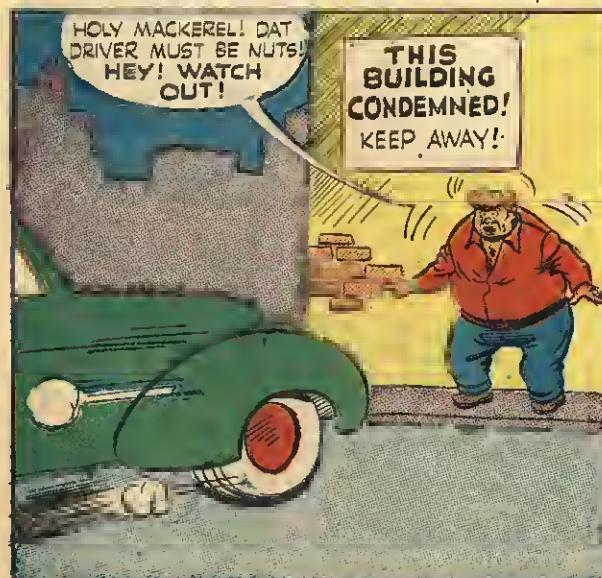
DAT'S ALL VERY
INTERESTIN' BUT HIGHLY
PROBLEMATICAL! NOBODY
COULD GET AWAY WID
DAT 'STUFF!

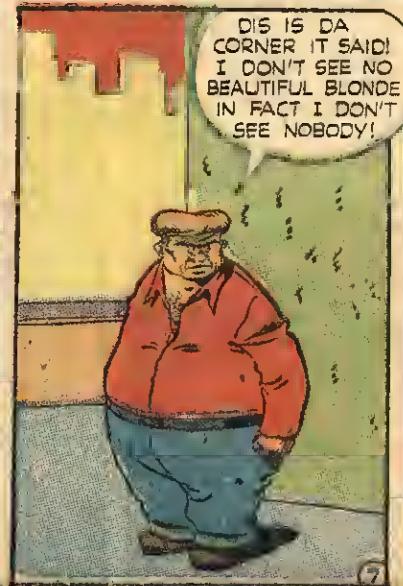
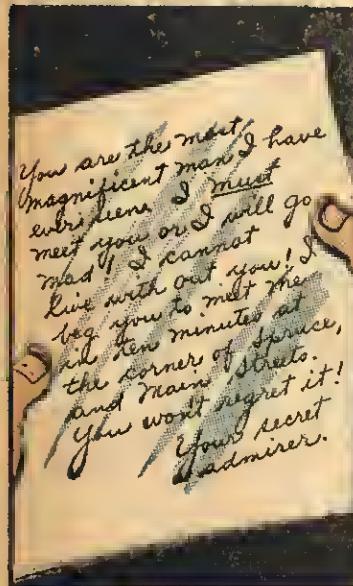
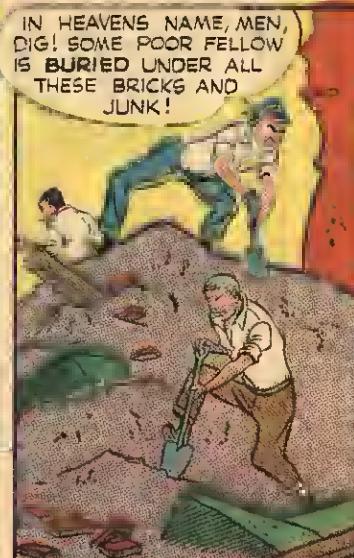
YOU'LL
SEE, SON!
YOU'LL
SEE!





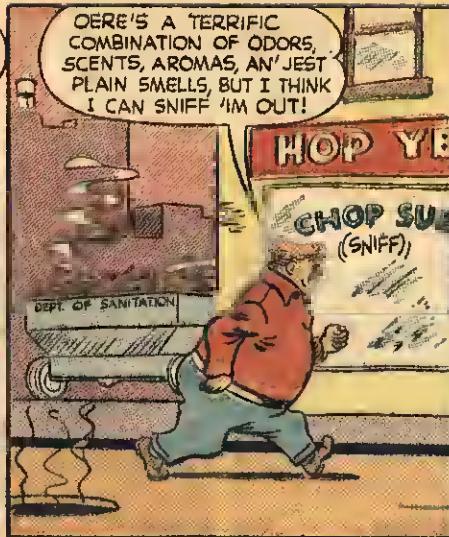








DIS O'SLUGG HAS GOT AWAY WID DIS STUFF LONG ENOUGH! COPS OR NO COPS I'M GONNA TRACK HIM AN' HAVE A HEART TA HEART BRAWL!



MEANWHILE...

AH THERE, MADAM! YOU HAVE YOUR TAXES READY! I'M GLAD TO SEE!

Y..YES, SIR. WE HAVE SCRIMPED AND SAVED AND GONE WITHOUT CLOTHES AND LIVED ON NOTHING BUT CRUSTS AND WATER SINCE THE LAST TIME BUT WE HAVE THE MONEY!



WELL, GOOD DAY! I'LL SEE YOU NEXT WEEK AT THE SAME TIME!

WHAT'S THAT?

HEY! O'SLUGG! I WANT TA SEE YA!



TAKE OFF DAT COAT! ME AN' YOU IS GONNA SETTLE SOME THINGS!

I CAN LICK ANY MAN IN THIS TOWN AND YOU'RE NO EXCEPTION! DON'T FORGET, YOU ASKED FOR IT!



I'LL GET YOU, YOU LITTLE RUNT! OFF!!

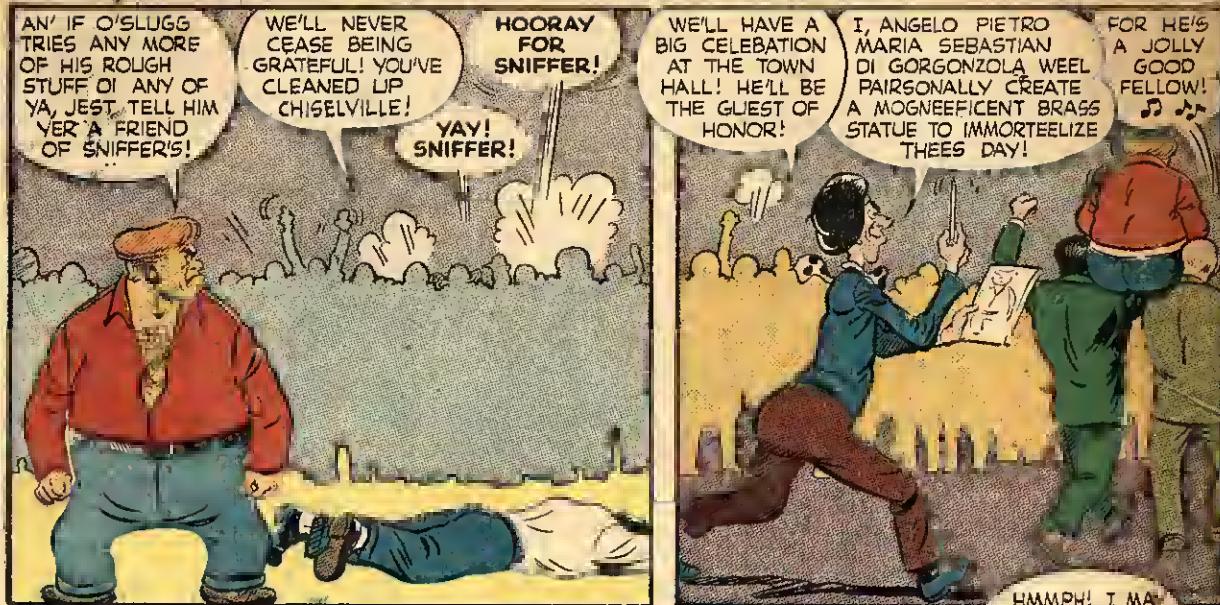
NUTS! LEAVE ME SHOW YA HOW TA PUNCH, FOUR-FLUSHER!



ARROOW!!

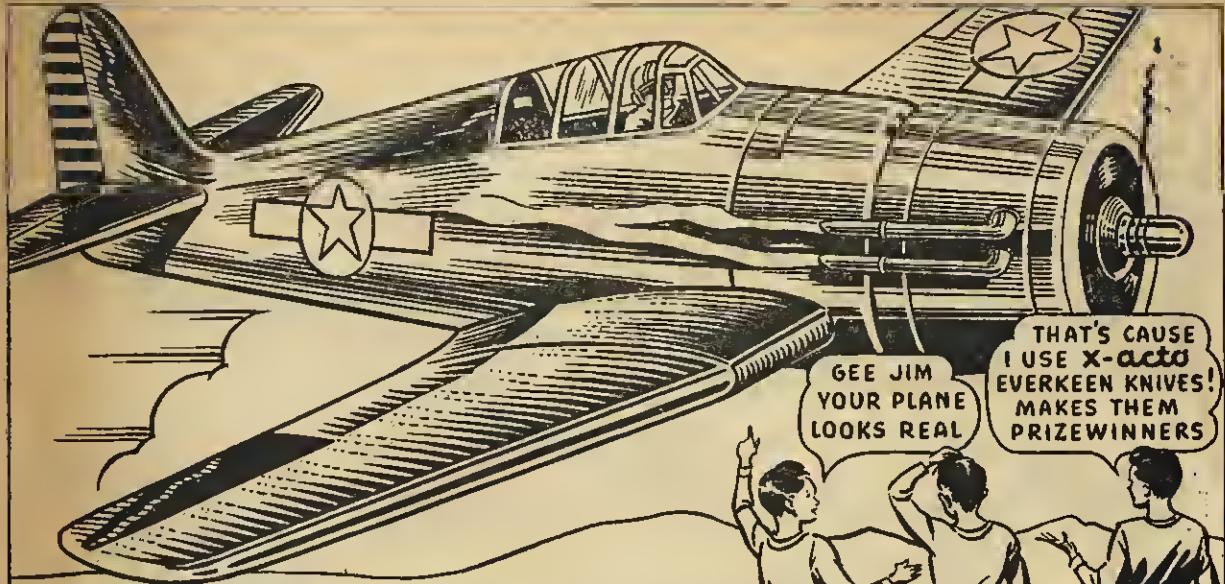
AIM PER A PROMINENT PLACE LIKE DIS!





HMMPH! I MA
HAVE TO LEAVE TOWN, BUT FIRST
I'LL GET THAT LITTLE RUNT!
I'LL GET HIM!





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Monkey

and Dog

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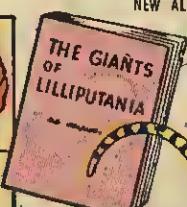
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